

Caved In

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Caved In

by [freelyf4llen](#)

Summary

During the zombie apocalypse, George spends the night in a cave with his fellow traveler, Dream. He feels like his heart is going to cave in, what with his friend so snug and warm behind him in the single bed they shared.

2.4k words of PWP! :)

Notes

This is the first fic I've written in a long time, so please forgive any weirdness! I respect Dream and George enough not to shove these kinds of things in their faces. I noticed a lack of good smut around these parts with my favorite dynamics in mind, so I made one myself for those who might be feeling the same as I.

The zombie apocalypse bit is only background stuff, nothing more; sorry!

Explicit stuff ahead! Read the tags!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

When the zombie apocalypse happened, George never thought that it would end up like this. He was forced to flee his village after half of their population was wiped, the other half struggling to

survive on scraps of wheat and carrots. His chance of surviving was slim had he decided to stay, and so he'd gone alone, armed only with an old iron sword he'd gotten from the blacksmith.

The journey was fraught with peril, with George needing to live off whatever remained of his mutton in some cold, dark caves where he tried to get some sleep. Sometimes, he barely got himself out of bed just in time to see an approaching zombie, its low groans sending goosebumps throughout his body.

He was ever so thankful that he'd met Dream along the way; a fierce adventurer from a faraway village, whose skills remain unmatched. Dream, although he'd forged a fast friendship with George, kept his face hidden beneath a birch mask that only revealed his mouth.

"You're so bad at this, George," Dream wheezed one night, blocking off the cave entrance as George hung up some torches for light.

"W-Whatever," he grumbled, turning pink. "It's not my fault the sheep ran off before I could get to it. We could've gotten some more food."

And wool, his mind supplied, as he stared at the lone bed in the corner. There was no way that would be enough for two people.

"Do you have any spare hay?" He called out. "You can have the bed. I'll just sleep on the floor."

"What?" Dream sounded incredulous. "There's no way I'm letting you sleep on the floor, George."

"It's my fault that the sheep escaped. I'm fine on the floor, really."

"George," Dream sighed, going over to the bed and patting the empty space beside him.

"Dream—"

"Get in the bed!" Dream yelled, slightly annoyed. George put his hands up in alarm.

"Okay! Okay, geez." He lied down on the bed beside the adventurer, turning sideways so that Dream wouldn't be able to see the blush growing on his face. Dream wrapped an arm around his waist, eliciting an embarrassing squeak from George.

"Is this okay?" he murmured. George nodded quietly, ignoring how warm Dream's body was while pressed to his own. "I'm glad."

George felt the wooden surface of Dream's mask on the back of his head, and the hot puffs of

breath against his neck. He gave an involuntary shiver, which did not go unnoticed.

"George?" Dream mumbled.

"I'm fine," he murmured back.

Dream hummed in reply. For a minute, it was quiet, except perhaps for the faint zombie groans beyond their cave. George screwed his eyes shut.

Just let me sleep...

Try as he might, the only thing he could focus on was how warm Dream was behind him and the warmer weight against his waist... and to his growing horror, his own quickly hardening cock.

George knew he'd felt something more than mere companionship for Dream for some time now, but he'd never before considered the sexual aspect of it. How could he, when they'd spent most of their time trying to survive a wasteland? Their priority was to get to the End, where the Ender Dragon's eggs were supposedly a miracle cure for their dilemma. Yes, he should focus on that instead.

But the way Dream pressed closer to him tried to convince him otherwise.

George squirmed out of Dream's grasp, causing the latter to blearily blink one eye open.

"George?"

"I'm sorry, Dream." George sat up and avoided his gaze, crossing his legs to hide his growing interest. "I don't think this is a good idea anymore."

Dream tilted his head to the side. "Why?"

"I'm..."

Hard. George couldn't find it in himself to continue. *Dream will be disgusted with me. He's going to abandon me and I'll die alone.*

When George didn't say anything more, Dream sat up on the bed and gently took a hold of his chin, lifting George's head to face him.

"Tell me if this makes you uncomfortable," he whispered, and leaned closer to George until he

could feel his breath against his lips.

George panicked internally, too frozen in shock to do anything. He felt a pair of lips against his own, cold and chapped but still very much *wanted*. He pressed back, eyes fluttering closed, unable to pull himself from the weight of Dream's affection.

Dream's knuckles ran down his jawline before cupping his cheek and pulling him closer. George gasped into the kiss, allowing Dream to shove his tongue inside, exploring the wet cavern. George moaned before pulling away for air, his hard-on still raging even after their makeout session.

"I've wanted you for so long," Dream rasped before clearing his throat. "I thought I would be content with just being your friend, until..." He gestured over to the bed, smiling wryly. "You just fit so well into my arms."

"I didn't think you'd return my feelings," George began, blushing madly. "I thought you'd leave me when you found out."

"Never," Dream replied. After a few seconds of comfortable silence, he picked at the edge of his mask. "You know, I figured it was finally time to show you who I really am."

George's ears perked up. "Dream?"

Dream removed his mask for the first time since they've been together. George's breath got caught in his throat.

He was beautiful.

The torchlight barely brought justice to his beauty. But his most wonderful features were his eyes; a dark, sharp green that looked fondly upon George, with all the wisdom and wit behind them, looking as if he held all the answers to the universe.

"Dream," George spoke softly, reaching out to cup his cheek and relishing the fact that he'd leaned closer into his touch, smiling softly at him. "You're gorgeous."

"You're not too bad yourself," Dream quipped, a smirk tugging at his lips. George huffed in mock indignation and slapped him lightly with the hand cupping his cheek. Dream laughed, his eyes twinkling, and reached out to cup George's cheeks with his hands, smiling softly.

"You're the most beautiful being I've ever seen," he whispered sincerely, pressing a kiss onto his forehead. George couldn't help but grin widely until his cheeks hurt, drunk on the intoxicating feeling of being in love.

Dream suddenly pushed him onto the bed, startling him, and hovered above his body, pinning his wrists above his head.

"George," he breathed, "do you consent?" His knee brushed against his clothed cock, and George couldn't help but gasp.

"Y-Yes," George stammered, attempting to grind against Dream's leg.

"Good." Dream moved to trail kisses along his jaw, before settling down on his collarbone and sucking a deep, purple mark onto it. George moaned, back arching against the other as he tried to get some friction going, but Dream's grip held him firmly in place.

"Dreammm," George whined, licking his lips in anticipation. "Please..."

Dream inhaled sharply and returned to George's mouth, kissing him like his life depended on it. His hands roamed beneath George's shirt, fingers tracing circles around his nipples. George whimpered feebly into the kiss, clutching onto Dream's hoodie like a lifeline.

Dream eventually pulled away and lifted George's shirt over his head, exposing his soft, lean stomach and his bare chest. George could see Dream's smirk against the faint glow of the torches, and it turned him on even further.

"Beautiful, beautiful..." Dream murmured against his skin, his mouth leaving fiery traces down his chest and planting butterfly kisses on his stomach. "You're so gorgeous, George."

"George-ous," he couldn't help but say, which sent Dream wheezing in laughter. George blushed even harder.

When Dream's laughter had faded away (*"Really, George?" he'd said between giggles, "That was terrible."*), he returned to pay attention to George's chest, mouth closing gently over one nipple while his fingers teased the other. George mewled quietly under his touch, his hands desperately clutching around the sheets.

"You like that, Georgie?" Dream smirked, pressing against the pink bud with his thumb. "Do you like it when I tease you?"

"Dream," George breathed, pressing his chest closer into Dream's mouth.

"Always so stunning," Dream mused, sucking particularly hard on the nub and delighting in the small squeak George produced. The latter bucked his hips wantonly against Dream's, searching for the friction he so desperately desired.

"Need you... please, Dream..." gasped George, tangling his fingers into Dream's hair, making him groan.

"So needy," he whispered, a low rumble forming in his throat. Dream sat up and removed his hoodie along with his shirt before moving to pull down George's pants, leaving him bare to the world.

"No underwear?" Dream quirked an eyebrow.

"I... I lost them while bathing in the river earlier." A pretty flush crept down his chest. "I figured I could steal something in the next village, I— oh!"

Suddenly, his cock was enveloped in the sweetest warmth it had ever experienced.

Dream stared up at him with half-lidded green eyes, pretty lips wrapped around his cock and sucking *hard*. George felt as if he could die on the spot, or maybe he already had and this was actually heaven.

"You bathed today, right?" Dream asked, releasing George's cock with an audible pop. George nodded feebly, suddenly cold. Dream grinned, grabbing George's legs and spreading them apart, placing one above his shoulder. "Good. It means I can do this."

Dream quickly pressed his face against George's entrance, his tongue darting in and out, leaving George a moaning mess.

"Ah! Ahh! Dream—" George sobbed brokenly, his hole clenching and unclenching around Dream's tongue, sensitive and wet and feeling oddly empty. He could feel Dream's lips curving into a smile before he moved his mouth back onto his cock, replacing his tongue with long, nimble fingers.

At first, one seemed like too much, until George had gotten slick enough to enjoy two. Sometimes, Dream would bob his head in time with his thrusts, and George would babble his name gratefully in a daze. Two fingers became three, and George suddenly felt full.

"You alright?" Dream asked, sending pleasant vibrations down his dick. George nodded wordlessly, moving his hips in small increments. Dream continues his ministrations, and George couldn't help but focus on the digits moving in and out of him.

Soon, I'll be ready enough to take on his cock.

The thought made him shiver, until Dream's fingers brushed against something that made him cry

out in ecstasy.

"Ahhh! I'm close," George whimpered, tugging onto Dream's hair. Instead of moving away, Dream only sucked harder, his fingers trying to locate George's prostate again. "Mmm! Nnnngh! Dream!!"

With a cry, George comes inside Dream's mouth, hands still in his hair and keeping him in place. Dream sputters once George releases him, coughing slightly.

"Oh, Dream I'm so sorry!" George's eyes widened, his hands drawing closer to his body. "I'm so sorry, um—"

"'S fine," Dream replied, smiling and taking hold of George's hands.

"I don't know what I did to deserve you." George's expression softened. Dream's smile grew brighter before he pressed a kiss to one of George's hands.

"My honeybee," Dream murmured against his skin. "I love you so much, George."

"I love you too, Dream." George's eyes grew cloudy with tears. His eyes darted over to Dream's cock, which was still hard and leaking precum. George pushed him back onto the bed, straddling him and placing his hands on Dream's bare chest.

"Let me take care of you now," he whispered, guiding Dream's cock to his entrance. Dream rubbed circles onto his hips, both to comfort him and to stop himself from shoving it all in. George's breath hitched as he felt the head disappearing within him.

Just a little more, just...

He takes in Dream to the hilt, gasping prettily at the feeling. *So full, so full...*

"George..." Dream keened, gripping his hips hard enough to leave bruises. The mere thought of it sent another shiver through his spine. It didn't take long before George finally moved, raising his hips for a few inches before slamming back down.

"So good... George..." Dream mumbled, hands gripping his ass. George's movements quickly faltered, his legs feeling like jelly. He collapsed onto Dream's chest, whining bashfully. "Still sensitive?" George nodded. "On your hands and knees now, Georgie."

George couldn't find it in himself to disobey, and so despite his wobbling knees, he got on all fours as Dream requested, ass in the air. Dream shoved his cock back inside him, starting with shallow thrusts, hands firmly on George's ass. George moaned wantonly beneath him, trying to meet

Dream's thrusts with his own.

"Deeper..." he groaned. "Harder, Dream..."

Dream complied, bottoming out within George, making him scream. His hips pistoned in and out of George's tight warmth, desperately searching for the one spot that could make him see stars.

"Dream!!" George cried, his throat raw and sore from all the yelling.

"You like that, Georgie?" Dream murmured, smacking his ass lightly. "You like it when I do this?" He punctuates his sentence with a particularly hard thrust, causing George's legs to give out.

"Dream... Dream..." George sobbed. He marveled at how Dream was still able to support his body, which felt utterly boneless in the man's grasp.

"George," Dream grunted, his thrusts growing more vicious. "So pretty around my cock." George whimpered again, his soft "*ahh, ahh, ahh*"s filling the air as Dream kept hitting his prostate.

"Dream! Dream—!"

"George—!"

Dream wrapped his arms around George's torso, balls deep in his ass, and came with a groan, biting onto George's shoulder and making him scream once more. George came again not too long after, painting his stomach white. Dream pulls away from him, admiring the way his cum leaked out of George's spent hole.

"So pretty," he murmured, giving George's ass one last squeeze.

"Dreammm," George mumbled, reaching an arm out to him. Dream chuckled, exhausted, and lied down next to George, wrapping him in a loving embrace.

"Sorry for biting you," he said, pressing a soft kiss onto the healing mark.

"Now everyone will know who I belong to," George replied with a tired smile, snuggling closer to him. The thought makes Dream's heart flutter, if only for a moment.

The undead hordes would probably give less of a damn, but what did he care about that when George was now irrevocably his?

"I love you George," Dream whispered, resting his chin onto George's head.

"Love you too," George mumbled with a tired grin.

And for one night, everything was alright.

End Notes

If you spot any errors, feel free to correct me! Comments and kudos are appreciated :)

Works inspired by this [one](#) [you lit a fire in my soul](#) by [Yikes \(Mr_CoralFlower\)](#)

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